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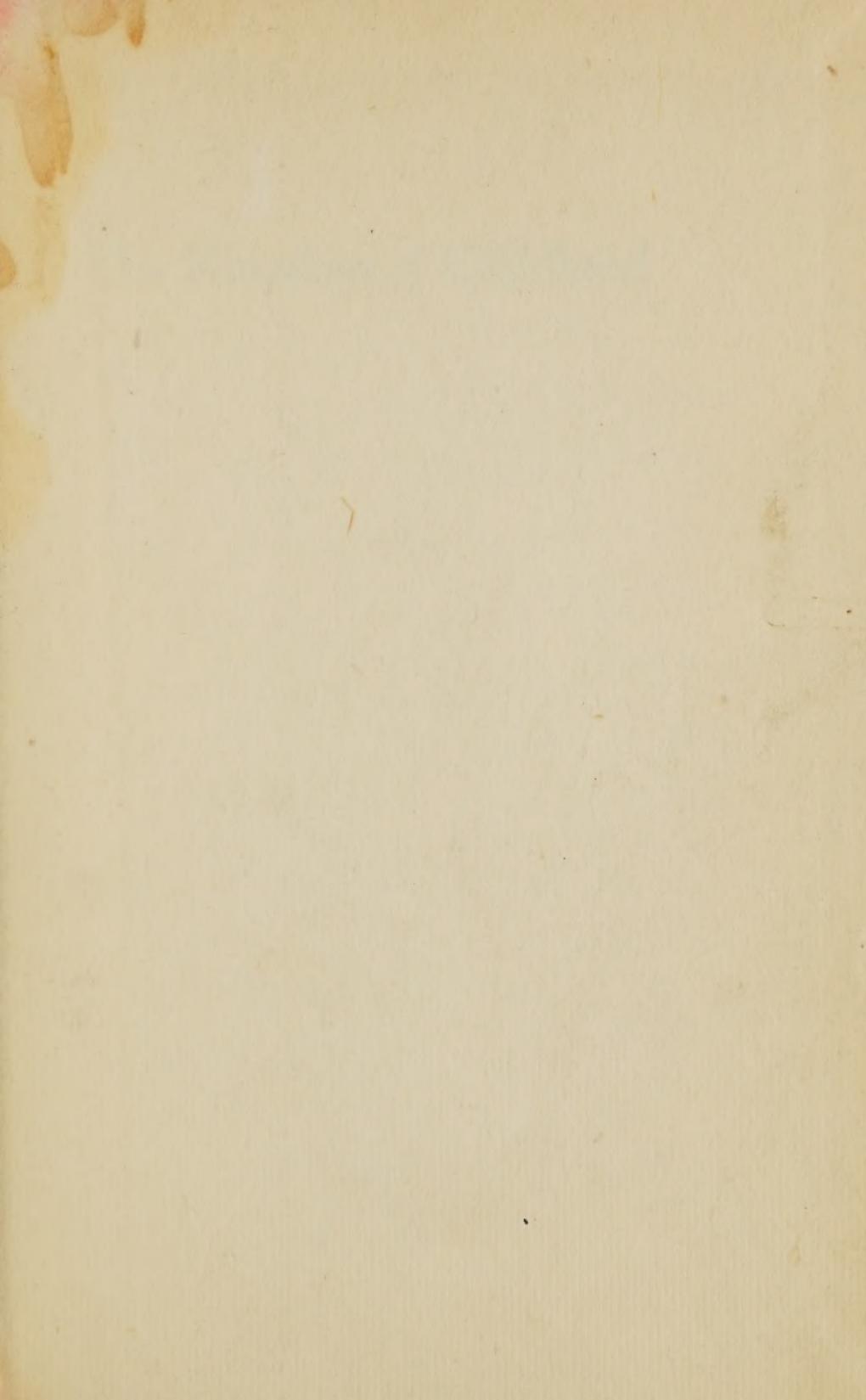
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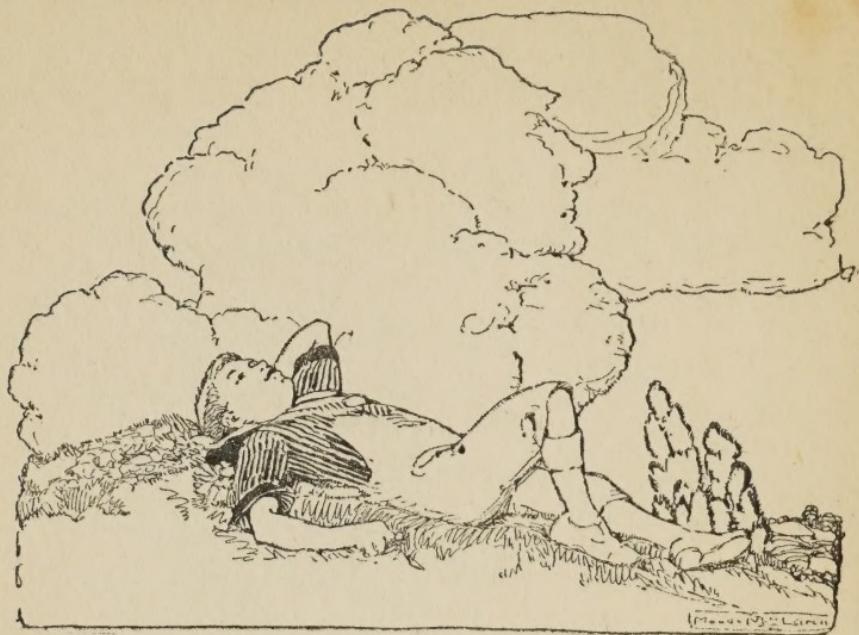


The Kingdom of Childhood



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*I should hate to be a Grown-Up,
They don't have a bit of fun,
If they saw a fairy in the woods,
I b'lieve they'd up and run !*

*To them an orchard's just a place,
Where apples and cherries grow,
And how much money will they make,
That's all they want to know.*

*To the children, it's an enchanted spot,
For it's there that the fairies dwell,
There, in a queer old castle of dreams,
That's under a witch's spell.*

The Kingdom of Childhood

By
Edith Lelean Groves

with Decorations by
Maude MacLaren



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WARWICK BROS. & RUTTER, LIMITED

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By Edith Lelean Groves

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TO THE LATE
W. E. GROVES,
THE "UNDERSTANDINGEST" FRIEND OF THE CHILDREN,
WHO, MANY A TIME, HAS CHUCKLED OVER SOME
OF THESE SKETCHES,
THIS LITTLE BOOK IS LOVINGLY DEDICATED.

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THE CHILDREN—A TOAST

Here's a Toast, drink it down,
To the boast of the town,
The children, the children, God bless them!
To the mischief that lurks
In their eyes, the young Turks!
To the rascal that shirks,
When you think that he works,
Never mind! Drink it down to the children!

Here's a Toast, drink it down,
With a smile, not a frown,
The children, the children, God bless them!
To each freckle that shows,
Round a small turned-up nose,
To the holes in the toes,
And the knees of their hose,
Don't you care, drink it down to the children!

Here's a Toast, drink it down,
To their eyes, blue or brown,
The children, the children, God bless them!
To that huge yawning space
In a dear merry face,
Where a tooth had its place;
To that dark water trace
Round their ears. Drink it down to the children!

*Here's a Toast, drink it down,
Every grown-up in town,*

*The children, the children, God bless them!
May each dear one be gay!*

*And should rough be the way,
"Here's my hand!" won't you say,
If he falls, "Up-se-day!"*

Bless their hearts! Oh, be good to the children!

FOREWORD

FAR, far away from here, Oh, such a long way off, there lies an enchanted Kingdom, a Kingdom into which none but the elect may enter. It is situated between two high mountains, one is the Mountain of Make-Believe, and one is the Mountain called Heart-of-a-Child. The only entrance into this Kingdom is by way of a secret Pass, which only the elect know anything about. Above the entrance to this Pass is written in large letters, "Except ye become as little children, ye cannot enter here!" A Fairy sentinel, with a wonderful crown and gauzy wings, flits up and down the Pass, waiting to welcome each new-comer. As soon as she catches sight of one, she claps her little fairy hands, laughs with glee, runs to meet him, takes him by the hand, and leads him into the Kingdom. Hardly has he entered, than he is met by Peter Pan, who says: "Sh! do you believe in Fairies?" by Robert Louis Stevenson, who, smiling a gentle welcome, says, "You never stole from a dreamer his dreams, did you?" by Eugene Field, who, laughingly declares: "Of course there's a Santa Claus, whoever said there wasn't!" by Alice in Wonderland who is running after the white rabbit, and she stops for a moment in her mad career, just long enough to say, "Curiouser and curiouser, but this is a country where you have to run as hard as you can to stay where you are!" and by James Whitcomb Riley, who

tells "Little Orphant Annie" to "wash a cup and saucer up" for the newly-arrived guest.

Would you, too, like to enter into this Kingdom? Then, if you would, you must leave your money-bags behind you, for the only gold that is of any use here, is the liquid gold of the sunset glow, as it floods the whole world with its glory, or the sunbeams that are imprisoned in the golden curls of the children? You accept the conditions? Then come with me for a little while into this KINGDOM OF CHILDHOOD.

LET'S P'ETEND

CAN you, like the children, dear heart, p'etend?
 You can! well, just take my hand,
 And we'll wander away, to the rainbow's end,
 Then the portals of fairyland.

Are you eight or eighty? It matters not,
 Your years do not count, at all,
If your heart is young, just come along,
 As the shadows of evening fall.

Stop! We have reached the gates of pearl,
 A-flame with the sunset glow,
And here is a bell! Let's give it a pull,
 'Twill bring the sexton, I know,

Ere the last faint echo has died away,
 And we'll say, "The rainbow's end?
Then, let us in to fairyland,
 We've the pass word, it's 'Let's P'etend!' "

P'etend that life is one glad sweet song,
 With never a jarring note,
P'etend that the sweetest of melodies,
 On the evening zephyrs, float.

P'etend that no dark or threatening cloud,
 Is seen, 'gainst heaven's blue,
P'etend that never a friend proved false,
 But always staunch and true.

P'etend that nations live at peace,
That no more will a sword be drawn,
That never again will the war-drums sound,
In a saddened day's grey dawn.

P'etend—but where is that golden glow,
Where that effulgent ray,
Where are the pearly gates, and gold?
Gone! and the world is grey.

Our fairyland has disappeared.
Who cares! The rainbow's end
We'll seek again to-morrow night,
Then the password, "Let's P'etend!"



A SMALL BOY'S VIEWPOINT

NOBODY says to a Grown-Up, "Take this dose of Castor Oil,
I'll hold your nose, while you swallow it!" for a tummy-ache, or a boil.

Nobody ever would say to him, "Bare-footed? indeed,
you may not!

You'll stub your toe, or blister your heels, and those
feet are the best you've got!"

And think of anyone saying to him, his elders or
uncles or aunts,

"Come out of that tree! or you surely will tear your
very best Sunday pants!"

Imagine this to a Grown-Up, "Give your teeth a good
old clean,

And wash your ears and your neck for church, you're
the dirtiest boy I've seen!"

And yet, these Grown-Ups, think of it! they'll ask for
Castor Oil,

And if they'd be let, they'd never go, bare-footed in
the soil.

They don't know the fun of running off to go swim-
ming in the crick,

And to climb a tree in their Sunday best—well, the
thought would make them sick!

And they go to church, without being sent, I wouldn't,
if I were they,

And they brush their teeth, and they wash their ears,
I s'pose it's the Grown-Up way!

I should hate to be a Grown-Up, they don't have a bit
of fun,

If they saw a fairy in the woods, I b'lieve' they'd up
and run!

They never hunt for robbers' caves, nor dig for a pot
of gold,

They don't believe in Santa Claus, nor pirates bloody
and bold.

To them an orchard's just a place, where apples and
cherries grow,

And how much *money* will they make, that's all they
want to know.

To the children, it's an enchanted spot, for it's there
that the fairies dwell,

There, in a queer old castle of dreams, that's under a
witch's spell.

And so, when I say my prayers to-night, I'll whisper
soft and low,

And only God will hear what I say, He'll understand,
I know.

"Dear God, I can't say very well what I mean, but
that is the fault of my tongue,

But I'm praying to-night with all my heart, Dear
God, keep me always YOUNG!"



BLUEBERRY PIE

I 'VE seen the sun rise on the Georgian Bay,
And I've watched it set in the West,
I've seen the waves, as they sparkled and danced,
And the blue, blue waters at rest.
I've watched the deep shadows of islands and rocks,
When a boy, as I paddled by,
And I've seen the moon rise like a ball of fire,
But—I've eaten blueberry pie.

Oh, the exquisite joy, in the heart of a boy,
As he watches the rich, purple dye,
Ooze, then gush from top crust, as a knife blade
is thrust
To the heart of that blueberry pie.

I've wandered far from the Georgian Bay,

I've visited homes of the great,

I've dined in castle and palace, too,

Been the guest at banquets of state,

And once, I sat down at a royal board,

'Twas a feast to delight the eye,

But eating the very choicest of food,

How I longed for a blueberry pie!

Oh, the exquisite joy, in the heart of a boy,

When he sees, with his sharp little eye,

The dessert all laid out, and he knows, without
doubt,

There's going to be blueberry pie.

I've traversed the desert, climbed mountain tops,

Far off from the haunts of men,

And many a time, as I lay 'neath the stars,

I'd go over my boyhood again,

The old swimming-hole in the alders' shade,

Sweet breezes that softly did sigh,

But of all my dreamings, I liked the best,

The one of a blueberry pie.

Oh, the exquisite joy, in the heart of a boy,

Though he sleep, 'neath a foreign sky,

If he only may dream, in the moon's lonely
gleam,

Of a rich, juicy blueberry pie!

PRIZE DAY ON THE HILL

GAY were the voices, and bright the faces,
Of the children on the hill,
For to-day, was the closing of the school,
Each glad little heart felt a thrill.

The older ones cared little about it,
So they said, in their grown-up way,
But this was the first time the wee-est ones,
Had encountered a closing day.

Each little white dress was pressed so neatly,
And tenderly laid on the bed,
With a beautiful bow of pink or blue ribbon,
To adorn each dear little head.

Cute little white socks and low-heeled slippers,
All new, and so spick and so span,
Were laid out in state, for the great event,
Most excited was little Nan.

She chattered away while her mother dressed her,
And her talk was all about school,
How Bessie would take the prize for English,
And Mathematics, Mary McCool.

"And Mummy, I don't know at all what it is,
But Mary, she does, I expect,
For when I said, 'What's Mathematics?' she said
'It's getting your questions correct!'"

And so, the children were all excited,
And life seemed one beautiful dream,
For names would be called, and prizes given,
And then they would all have Ice Cream.

Mother and father with dear little Nan,
Between them, sat *back* in the hall,
For Nan was one of the little children,
That would not get a prize at all.

They knew, that at school, she was not clever,
And never had lessons quite right,
But mother's mouth drooped, when she saw neighbors'
children
Going up for a prize, that night.

But Nan knew nought of their inward feelings,
Not the least bit jealous was she,
Nor noticed that daddy was patting her hand,
As it lay, on her little starched knee.

Just then, a loved teacher rose up and said,
"There's a dear little girl here to-night,
Her name, I'm afraid, is not on the list,
But she's sunny, unselfish and bright,

"She's a regular ray of sunshine,
Shedding gladness, wherever she goes!
For *Amiability* she takes the prize!"

Whispered Nan, "Now I know that's Rose,

"She's my bestest friend, in the whole of the school!"
Then the teacher said, loud and clear,
"Nan Burton, will you come up to the front,
For to you goes this prize, my dear!"

"Me, Me, mother! did the teacher mean me,
Am *I* to go up for a prize?"
And then such a laughing and clapping of hands,
As filled little Nan with surprise.

Joyfully up to the platform she tripped,
Her little heart thumping with glee,
She'd not an idea what the teacher meant,
By the word "*Amiability*."

But she clutched the prize in her little brown hands,
And ran back to her mother's side,
And joyfully laid the prize in her lap,
While her little face beamed with pride.

And the noise grew and grew, as near to a roar,
As those stylish folks could make it,
They laughed and they clapped, they made such a
noise,
They were greatly pleased, I take it.

That night, when mother had kissed her Good-Night,
And tucked her up warm in her bed,
A tired wee girl snuggled happily down,
And these were the words that she said,

"Good-Night, mother dear, don't take it away,
Right here, by my pillow set it,
You know, I didn't care a bit 'bout the prize,
BUT I JUST LOVED GOING UP TO GET IT!"

NIGHT-TIME AND FAIRIES

WHEN the fairies
Come a tapping
At my window,

And the moon
Shines down so brightly
On my bed,

There are shivery
Quivery,
Tickles

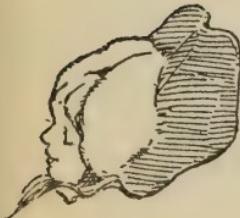
Running
Up and down
My back,

BUT I NEVER, NEVER COVER UP MY HEAD!



A ROYAL PRINCESS

In my garden, in my garden, see, a
royal court I hold,
At the magic hour of sunset, all the
world is pink and gold,
I'm a Princess, I'm a Princess, and I sit
upon a throne,
'Neath a rosebush, on a green mound,
here I love to reign, alone.



Low before me, low before me,
 bow my happy subjects all,
Joyfully, they pay me homage,
 ere the evening shadows fall,
Tall and stately, tall and stately,
 proud to wear a royal shade,
See the iris, bending slowly, in
 purple velvet gown arrayed.



Coyly peeping, coyly peeping
 from their bonnets pink or
white,
Darling little sweetpea faces,
 nodding at me, smiling
bright,
Saucy pansies, saucy pansies,
 trying hard to hide a laugh,
Watch them bow and nudge
 each other, too much non-
sense there by half!

Dew of heaven, dew of heaven,
hidden in the lily's cup,
It is mine, but for the asking,
mine, if I should care to sup,
"When you're bowing, when
you're bowing," says the bee,
with whispered hum,
"Lily, don't bend too far over,
kindly try to save me some!"



Darling daisies, darling daisies,
curtsey low, with skirts out-spread,
Watch the dear old-fashioned
bobbing of each dainty, daisy
head,
Blue bells ringing, blue bells
ringing, mother calling me to
tea,
I'm no more a royal princess—
from now on, I'm only—
ME!

A FAIRY SENTINEL

THERE'S a winsome, wee fairy and she patiently
guards
An enchanted and vine-covered portal,
And hillside and dell, lie under a spell,—
Would you enter in, fairy or mortal?

You must tap for admission. She'll cautiously peep,
To see who it is that is tapping,
Should she pull the gate to, then, between me and you,
There's no further use in your rapping.

Did you ever steal from a dreamer his dreams,
Make light of the fancies of childhood?
Then I understand quite, why the portal's shut tight,
That leads to the magical wildwood.



AN INCENTIVE TO CLEANLINESS

“WASH your face!” says mother,
“And your neck!” says dad,
“Such dirty teeth!” says sister.
My! they make me mad!

“Your ears are quite disgraceful,
You never wash them clean!”
If there’s one thing more’n another,
'At makes a chap feel mean,

It's when your family all join in,
To nag, and scold, and jaw,
And say it's *dirt*, when you know well,
It's *freckles* 'at they saw.

'Twas only last night sister said,
"Did you ever see such dirt?
Look at that black line right above
The collar of his shirt!"

And I said, mad as I could be,
When they all set up a growl,
"If you don't believe I washed myself,
I'll bring you down the towel!"

Some people moved in next to us,
They're very nice, I think,
They have the dearest, little girl,
And her cheeks are cute and pink,

And her hair is gold in pretty curls,
And she smiled so shy at me,
And I said, "Will you come out and play
With me right after tea?"

And she blushed and said, "I think I can!"
I knew she'd not refuse me,
Then I gobbled up my tea, I did,
And I asked them to excuse me.

And I flew upstairs, in just two jumps,
Dad gave a funny cough,
As he passed the bathroom door and said,
“Don’t scrub your freckles off!”

And I slicked my hair all nice and smooth,
While the family all said things,
About the change that had taken place,
And was I sprouting wings!

And if I didn’t soon look out,
My hair’d begin to curl,
But mother smiled, I know she knew,
That I’d been, and got a girl!



LONESOME

YEP, I like it all right, and the skies is blue,
And the grass is as green as can be,
And the train it came just lickety-split!
And I'm seven years old, you see.

And my mother said, I must be a brave boy,
And breathe all the fresh air I could hold,
And come home to her brown, and husky, and fat,
And she said I musn't be bold,

Or sassy, or play with any bad boys,
If a kid was to say a bad word,
I musn't say nuffin', but just walk away,
For if my mother, ever once heard,

I said words, not fit for ladies to hear,
Just men! well—I know what she meant,
When my mother said I musn't come home,
Any bad-er than I was when I went.

Can I swim? I dunno, I ain't never tried,
Is there any kid, seven, knows how?
One six! gee, but I've no time to lose!
Is that fat, grunting object a cow?

A pig! No thank you, I'm quite close enough,
He won't hurt me. He'd better not try,
I don't like his grunt, I'll stay where I am,
He means business, I can see by his eye!

Ain't there no hurdy-gurdies, nor nuffin' like that,
No merry-go-rounds, and no pop,
No shoot-the-shoots neither, nor no ice cream cones,
Nuffin' doin'? not one traffic cop?

O gee! but it's tame! Yep, I hear the birds sing,
And the waves, as they roll on the shore,
But they sound mighty lonesome! if my mother was
here—
Say, do I *have* to stay thirteen days more?

Did you think I was crying? no, not on your life,
'Twas a drop of rain fell from the sky!
'Tain't rainin'? I don't care, it fell anyway,
Course I can be brave if I try!

But just at this minute, maw's comin' from work,
And she'll miss me, just awful, she will,
She'll have to sit down to her supper alone,
And the room'll be lonesome and still!

Oh, Dear! I b'lieve I *am* goin' to cry,
Say, my heart feels as heavy as lead,
If it's terrible now, well what will it be,
When it's time to be goin' to bed!

For in all the seven, long years of my life,
I ain't never once left her, at night,
If I should wake up and find no mother there,
To kiss me and cuddle me tight.

I certainly think my heart it would break,
Say!—did you start this bally old plan?
This fresh air fund business! I want to go home,
For I'm lonesome for mother I am!





GRAN'MA'S, ON THE OLD SIDE LINE

I'm off to my gran'ma's, on the old side line,
Where the bright crimson roses, round the front
porch twine,
The very minute, school is closed, just as fast, as I
can go
And the fastest train that ever ran, 'll be all too slow.

She'll be standing in the doorway, a-waiting for me
there,
My dear sweet smiling gran'ma with her snow-white
hair,
And I know just axac'ly what my gran'ma's going to
say,
"I've been hungering for my laddie, this many a weary
day!"

There's an orchard at my gran'ma's, where the blue-
birds sing,
And the little yellow warblers, in the tiptop branches
swing,
Where the bees keep a-hummin', and a dronin', all the
day,
And the butterflies, just love to flash their colors,
bright and gay.

There are fairies in the orchard, 'cause me and
gran'ma know,
They dance among the clover, when the summer
breezes blow,
You can hear their fairy footsteps, if you listen in the
night,
And we've often see them flit across the moonlit
streaks of light.

There are cookies at my gran'ma's, that are mighty
good to eat,
For as a cook, the neighbors say, my gran'ma can't be
beat,
At fairs and church tea meetings, if they ever give a
prize,
Then my gran'ma always gets it for her biscuits and
her pies.

There's a creek down at my gran'ma's with a droop-
ing willow tree,
Once I caught a fish as big as——that, and we had it
for our tea,
And if you'd like to have a swim, when fishing gets
too slow,
You just take off about two fings, and Splash! in you
go!

I've a chum called Billy Wilson, and he lives next
door to me,
But he hasn't got a gran'ma, that he ever goes to see,
And he will never know the joy, that every year is
mine,
When I visit at my gran'ma's, on the old side line.

THE WISHBONE

ONCE, Duggeldy-Dee,
And Bubbie and me,
Went out to a lady's place to tea.
She had chicken and dressing,
And a very short blessing,
While I kept a-guessing,
If the wishbone would be
For Duggeldy-Dee,
Or Bubbie or ME.

A cat came in stalking,
With head up, a-walking,
Looked at the lady, like he was talking,
Said she with a pat,
“You're a wise pussy-cat!
Here's the wishbone, take that!”
Wasn't that a fine lunch
For an old cat to munch?
You could hear that bone scrunch.

I was ready to say,
To the lady that day,
"Will I have the wish bone? Yes, please, if I may!"
But we all gave a groan
In a teeny, low tone
At that wasted wishbone,
So Duggeldy-Dee
And Bubbie and me
Had drumsticks, and other fings for our tea.



FOR POSTERITY'S SAKE

WHEN the supper things are put away,
And the lights begin to go,
I love to climb on gran'ma's lap,
Then she rocks me, to and fro,

And she tells me lovely stories,
'Bout when she was small like me,
And all the things, she used to do,
And the things, she used to see.

Then, I feel so very sorry,
 Just as sorry, as can be,
To think when I am grown up big,
 With a grandchild, just like me,

That when I take her on my lap,
 And rock her, to and fro,
I can't tell her stories, that I love.
 'Cause why? I don't just know,

Except that nothing happens me,
 That she would like to hear,
If danger came, I'd shut my eyes,
 And I know I'd die of fear,

If I saw a great big wolf or bear,
 A-coming after me,
I'd faint, or scream, and run and run,
 Just as fast as fast could be!

I must have some adventure,
 To tell my grandchild, Oh!
I'll start to-morrow morning,
 Will mummy let me go?

Then something's bound to happen,
 To happen little me,
That I can tell my grandchild,
 When she climbs up on my knee.



LET THE CHILDREN PLAY

THERE'S not a place left, for a boy to play,
In this whole big town, not one!
That apartment house, on the corner lot,
Puts an end to all our fun.

D'ye 'member the ball games we had, last year,
I s'pose we can't have any more,
If we won, we threw up our hats, and cheered,
If we lost, we didn't get sore!

"You fellers can play in our back yard!"

That was what Bud Nelson said,
But the ball went over a lady's fence,
And ruined her pansy bed!

It crashed through the glass of another man's house,
Oh, say, he was awful mad,
We took a collection to pay for that,
I gave all the money, I had.

There's a nice little park, just up the street,
But every time, 'at you pass,
A great, big sign stares you, right in the face,
"Will you KINDLY KEEP OFF THE GRASS!"

Long ago, we slid down the banisters,
Now, we can't do even that,
We're all on one floor, not a bit of space
Is wasted in our small flat.

When we leave this world, for a better land,
And I s'pose, some day, we may,
It won't be Heaven for one of the gang,
'Thout plenty of room to play!



THE QUARANTINED ARMY

TUM-TE-TE-TUM, this is a drum,
Here comes an army, Tum, Tum!
There's Bessie and Mat,
And Douglas and Pat,
And the dog and the cat,
And there's ME! and we're marching! Tum, Tum!

We all have the Measles, Tum, Tum!
And we're up in the attic, Tum, Tum!
It's plain to be seen,
We're in quarantine,
But we wouldn't have been
Except for the Measles, Tum, Tum!

A sign on the door, Tum, Tum, Tum!
Said "MEASLES—KEEP OUT!" Tum, Tum,
Tum!

'Cause the dog couldn't read,
And the cat didn't heed,
And followed his lead,

Now they're shut in, too, Tum, Tum, Tum!

I rapped on the window, Tum, Tum!
And I said, "Come on up!" Tum, Tum, Tum!

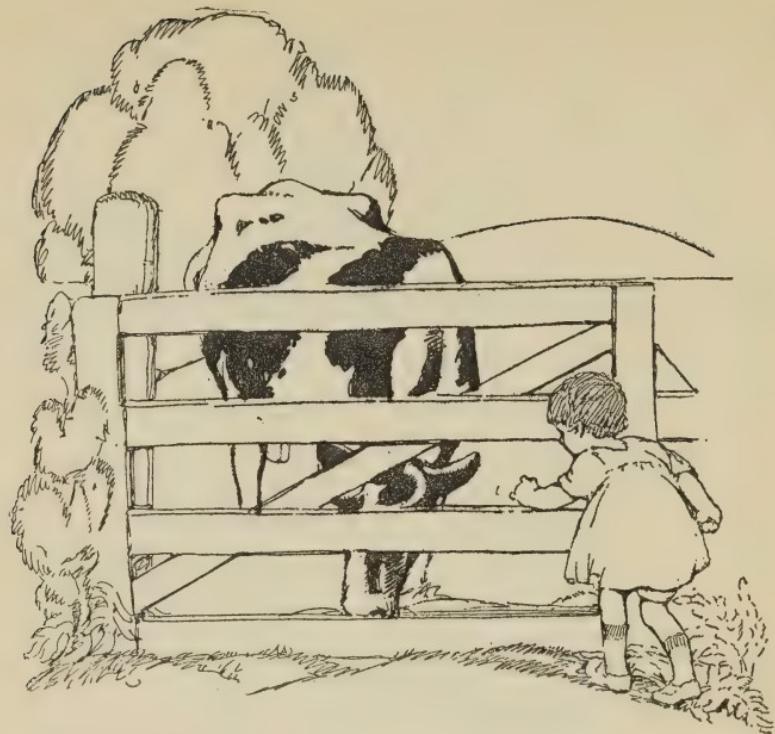
But the boys down below,
Said, "We very well know,
If we were to go,

We'd never get down again!" Tum, Tum!

Tum-te-te-Tum, this is a drum
Of a quarantined army, Tum, Tum!

We laugh, as we say,
"There's no school, to-day!"
And we shout, "Hip-Hooray!"

For the grand old Measles, Tum, Tum!



THE MOO COW

I'm
not
af'aid
of
a
nice
kind
cow,

A cow that says,
"MOO! MOO!"

Why
do
I
run
to
my
mummy?

'Cause
I DO! I DO! I DO!

THE BOYS' BRIGADE

LEFT, Right, Left, Right, Heads up, boys!
March on, March on, make a nawful noise,
Tramp, Tramp, Stamp your feet, Scare the
enemy,
March on, March on, to Victory!

I wish we had a million boys, 'stead of three or
four,
The scuttle helps a little, and the garbage can
some more,
And if the broom would stand alone, it would
do for one,
But it topples over, every time, 'at any one fires
a gun.

I wish this was a Orphans' Home, then there'd
be lots of boys,
We could have a reg'lar army, making a great
big noise,
All dressed in the very same kind of clothes,
wouldn't that be des fine,
We shouldn't need the garbage can and the
scuttle to finish the line!

Left, Right, Left, Right, Heads up, boys!
March on, March on, make a nawful noise,
Tramp, Tramp, Stamp your feet, Scare the enemy,
March on, March on, on to Victory!



A HERO LIKE HIS DAD

SAY, gimme a boost, till I climb this tree!
I want to be 'way up high,
You fellers be ready to cheer like mad,
To yell, when the Prince goes by!

Aw, say, go on down! There ain't room fer two!
Look out, or this limb it will break!
YOU DID NOT! I thought of it, first myself!
Quit that! fer I felt the tree shake!

Ain't this the grand spot to see the Prince?

We'll be able to see his face,
I got a pitcher of a Prince at home,
All dressed up in velvet and lace,

A feather in his cap, and a great big sword,
"Prince Charming!" That's writ down below.
Quit that shovin', can't you, I nearly fell!
Don't be makin' a reg'lar show

Of youself! Hark! did you hear a cheer?
THE PRINCE! He's comin', Hooray!
Here come the cops! Just watch them ride,
Ain't they the proud p'licemen, to-day!

Gwan! that ain't the Prince in a khaki suit,
That him! you talk through your hat!
What's he salutin' for, what makes him smile?
Does a Prince ever dress like that?

It is! It is! Why, it is the Prince!
Hurray, yell to beat the band,
He's right underneath, and there ain't no crowd,
All holler! and wave your hand.

Why his car is stopped! What d'ye s'pose is wrong?
I'm goin' right down to see,
Zip! Look out! or you'll tear your clothes,
Slidin' down the trunk of that tree.

How d'ye do, Mister Prince! I'm Skinny Maguire,
Me father he was killed in the war,
He was PRIVATE Maguire of the Thirty-Fifth!
What d'ye s'pose has gone wrong with your car?

Has it run out of gas; is the engine too cold;
Do you s'pose 'at it's busted a tire?
Did you know my father when you was in France,
My father, PRIVATE Maguire?

You didn't? Too bad! he was some fine man,
I was TWO, when he marched away,
Maw said, "He's gone to fight fer his King,
And he'll come back a hero, some day!"

But he didn't. Fer a stray bullet, you know,
It caught him right square in the jaw,
His Captain was wounded, and he was bringing him
in,
Then he died! Will you please tell your Paw,
That my Paw, he died a fightin' fer him,
Over in France in the war,
I'm glad we're acquainted. Me Maw will be too,
I guess 'at they've fixed up your car.

Good-Bye. Hurray! Kin I give it a honk?
And whenever you pass by a tree,
Or a telegraph pole, jist as long as you're here,
You look up, and I bet you'll see me!

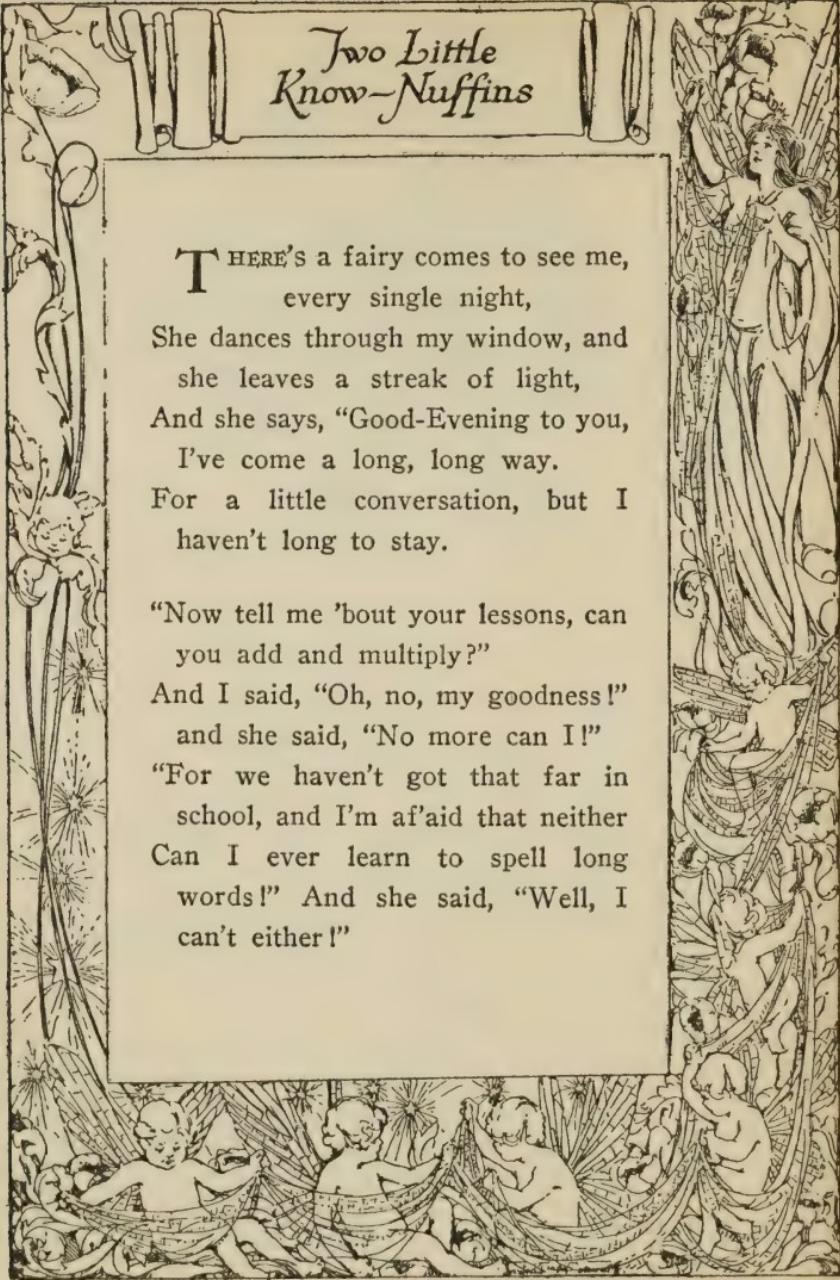
For I take a speshul interest in you,
Becus you're yer father's son,
When you get to be King, and you need a man
To handle a car or a gun,

Or lead an army, or black yer boots,
Or answer the enemy's fire,
Or die fer his King, like me father did,
Mister Prince, there'll be Skinny Maguire!



MY FRIEND

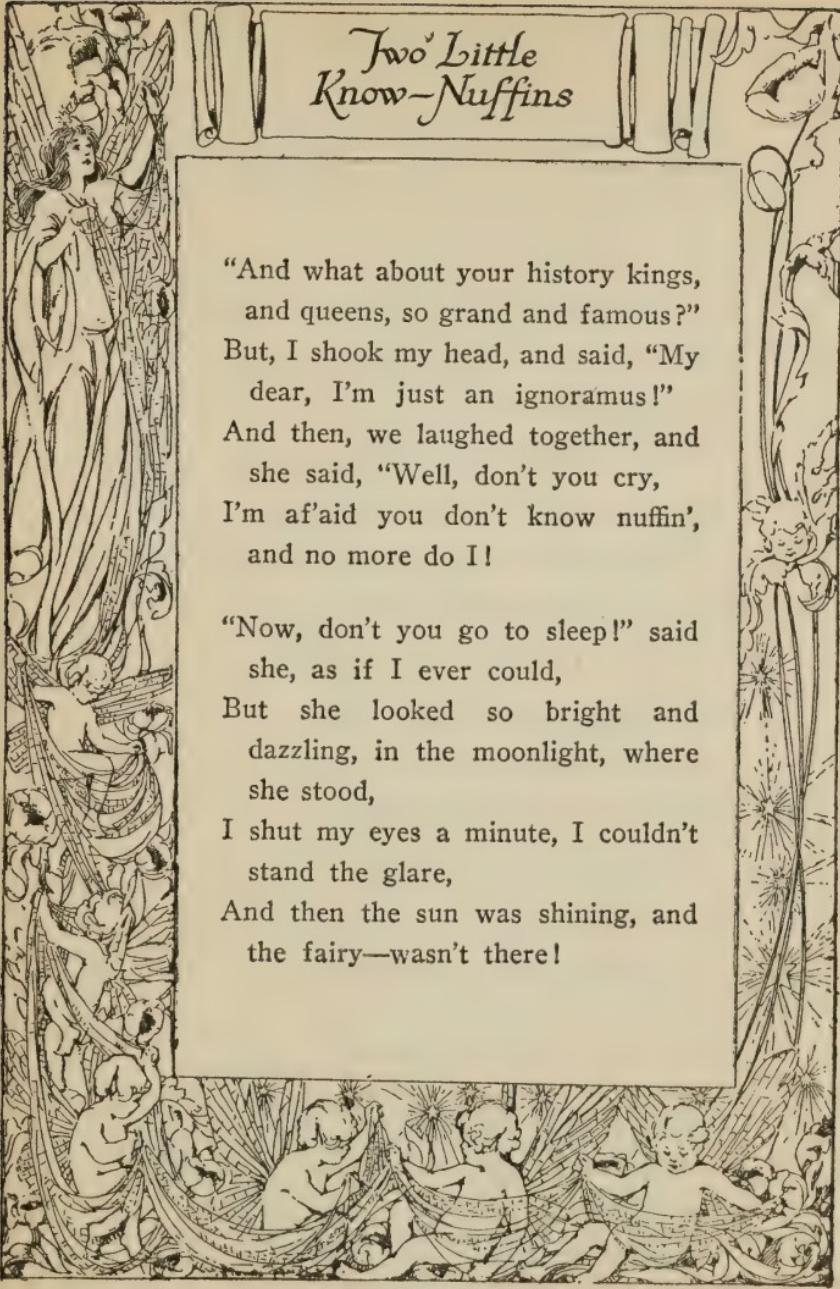
C LARENCE MILTON's nose is funny,
It turns up at the end,
His hair is red, his face is freckled,
BUT
CLARENCE
IS
MY
FRIEND!



Two Little Know-Nuffins

HERE'S a fairy comes to see me,
every single night,
She dances through my window, and
she leaves a streak of light,
And she says, "Good-Evening to you,
I've come a long, long way.
For a little conversation, but I
haven't long to stay.

"Now tell me 'bout your lessons, can
you add and multiply?"
And I said, "Oh, no, my goodness!"
and she said, "No more can I!"
"For we haven't got that far in
school, and I'm af'aid that neither
Can I ever learn to spell long
words!" And she said, "Well, I
can't either!"



Two Little Know-Nuffins

"And what about your history kings,
and queens, so grand and famous?"
But, I shook my head, and said, "My
dear, I'm just an ignoramus!"
And then, we laughed together, and
she said, "Well, don't you cry,
I'm af'aid you don't know nuffin',
and no more do I!"

"Now, don't you go to sleep!" said
she, as if I ever could,
But she looked so bright and
dazzling, in the moonlight, where
she stood,
I shut my eyes a minute, I couldn't
stand the glare,
And then the sun was shining, and
the fairy—wasn't there!

A FAIRY COUNCIL MEETING

A CALL was heard in the woodland,
 'Twas echoed loud and clear,
And fairies, when they heard it,
 Came in, from far and near.

It was Heather Bell, who called them,
 She obeyed the Queen's command,
The Queen had said, "Ho, Heather Bell,
 Call all my fairy band,

"That we may hold a meeting,
 While the silver moon shines bright,
For most important business
 Must be discussed to-night!"

And so, not one was absent,
 They gathered in the glade,
For all were very curious,
 And some were half afraid,

For the fairy Queen was looking grave,
 No smile was seen to play,
Across her lovely features,
 Then, the fairies heard her say,

"Let the meeting come to order,
 Take the chair, please, Heather Bell!"
She did so, silence reigned supreme,
 There, in that sylvan dell.

Then the chairman, looking very sad,
Arose, from out her chair,
And said, "We've gathered here to-night,
To discuss a bad affair.

"The Queen has called this meeting,
For she thinks it's surely time
To bring to fairy notice,
What, she feels, is most a crime.

"In the woodland and the forest,
Where all we fairies dwell,
Sometimes the careless children stray
In the glades, we love so well.

"We shouldn't mind that in the least,
And should never drive them hence,
But those careless children do not seem
To have one ounce of sense.

"For instance. That young Tommy Trot,
A nice, neat fire he laid,
He lit a match, and WALKED AWAY,
And soon, this lovely glade,

"That has, for long, long ages past,
Been loved by fairy folk,
Was threatened with destruction,
By the rising fire and smoke.

"If Big-Blow hadn't happened by,
In gentle mood, just then,
And called upon the rain to help,
Well, Good-bye, fairy glen!"

"I move a vote of thanks be given,"
Said Blue-Eyes, and she smiled,
"To Big-Blow, for we like him best,
When he is kind and mild!"

"I second that!" said Woodsy Fern,
The chairman put the motion,
The fairies then all voted, "Aye!"
Without the least commotion.

"What shall be done with Tommy Trot?"
Thus spoke up Heather Bell,
"I move, that he be dealt with,"
Said a voice, "and dealt with, well!"

That night, as Tommy lay asleep,
He had an awful dream,
He dreamt the earth was all on fire,
You should have heard him scream!

He threw the covers off him,
He was so very hot,
He thought the world was shouting,
"Where's careless Tommy Trot?"

"I'm sorry, very sorry, Oh!"
The fairies heard him say,
And chuckling, on his pillow danced,
Many a fairy fay.

His family, frightened half to death,
All rushed in, at his cry,
And Gran'ma Trot came running too,
Her nightcap all a-wry.

"Dear tired child! he's dreaming!"
She whispered in her fright,
But not a fairy pitied him,
They said, "Just serve him right!"

Meanwhile, the dawn was breaking,
"I move we now adjourn,
To meet again to-morrow night!"
Said graceful Woodsy Fern.



GOIN' FISHIN'

DO you ever in the sunshine, go fishin' with a rod,
And a line, and a pin, and a worm,
Down where the giant willows dip their
branches in the stream,
And you're hoping 'at your bait won't squirm?

Nen, such funny little bubbles come rising to the top,
Spit-ey bubbles, 'at the fishes blow,
And you hold your bref, and jiggle, and jiggle at the
line,
But the fishes wag their tails, and they go.

And then you watch the may-flies, as they skim their
way along,
And you wish for a bite, how you wish!
And you tell them all at teatime, 'bout the bubbles 'at
you saw,
But you never caught a single fish!



"SHUSHING" HER GRAMMA

THERE'S a little girl lives down our street,
She doesn't mind her mamma,
And once, she did far worse than that,
She up and "shushed" her gramma.

Her gramma said so nice and kind,
"Come in to tea!" my dear,
But she went on playing with her dolls,
Des like she didn't hear.

And then her gramma called again,
But she sat, and sat, and sat.
"Come in to tea! you naughty girl!"
And she said, "SH!" des like that.

My daddy said, "I'd spank that child,
If she were one of mine!"
Wasn't it an awsul sing
To do in the summer time?



A PRINCE IN DISGUISE

THE face on the pillow was pinched and pale,
The eyes were a heavenly blue,
Could the sapphire sky, that she seldom saw
Have lent them a touch of its blue?

The room was untidy, and stuffy, and warm,
On the tumbled-up bed there lay,
Propped up with pillows, a tiny girl,
And she played with her dolls, that day.

But you never would dream they were dolls at all,
If she hadn't just told you so,
For some were of paper, and some of rags,
And one was a clothespin, I know.

A hump, in the queer old humpity bed,
Was a castle with walls ivy-clad,
And the grounds around were fragrant with flowers,
And no one was hungry or sad,

Or sick, for ladies in green velvet cloaks,
Rode with knights, in armor there,
And these knights, they were tall and magnificent,
And the ladies were lovely and fair.

So she planned all her play on the humpity bed,
She lived in a world, all her own,
For mother must go to work each day,
And leave sick little Peggy alone.

But naught cared she for the tumbled-up bed,
For the squalor, and dirt, and grime,
For with lords and ladies she lived her life,
And had a most wonderful time.

Till one day, her cough was awfully bad,
And her play it began to pall,
Now lords and ladies were all very well,
But *mother* was best after all.

She said, "I'll be brave when mother comes home,
I'll p'etend I'm as well as can be,
But now I'm alone, I'm just goin' to cry,
'Cause there's nobody here to see!"

Then big tears gathered in Peggy's blue eyes,
And rolled down the flushed little face,
When—What do you think? the door opened wide
And with courtly and lordly grace,

Across the poor threshold, there stepped a man,
His eyes twinkled merry and gay,
He lifted his hat with a sweeping curve,
Peggy stared, as she heard him say

"From afar, I've travelled, Oh, Maiden fair,
For a glimpse of your eyes so blue!
Who am I? SH! a secret, my dear,
A secret between me and you!

"Don't tell it!" "No, No!" and she crossed her heart,
"I love secrets, I'll surely not tell!"
"Well, the children call me, 'Old Doctor Gee-Whizz,'
For I hurry to make them well.

"They say, 'He's a bald-headed Doctor man!'"
A smile slyly lurked in his eyes,
"I'll whisper the secret to you, my dear,
I'M REALLY A PRINCE IN DISGUISE!"

"I have power to grant you ONE wish, just one,
Think carefully, child, ere you tell!"
But without a moment of thought, she cried,
"Oh, Prince in Disguise, make me well!"

"That's easy, my dear!" said the stranger man,
And a smile lit the wrinkled face,
"To-morrow, I'll come, and you'll get your wish!"
And he vanished, away from the place!

There was wild excitement at Peggy's that night,
When the stranger, he came back to tell,
Of a wonderful place, where skies were bright,
And sick little girls were made well.

And the rest reads just like a fairy tale,
That begins, " 'Twas once on a time,
A Prince in Disguise took a wee girl away,
Away from the dirt and the grime,

"To the great outdoors, with its broad expanse!"
"Ain't there nuffin' at all to pay?"
Said Peggy, and big tears ran down her cheeks,
"Is the fresh air given away?

"Can you breathe all you like, and smell the flowers,
And play around, under the trees,
Is there never a cross sign, 'Keep off the grass'!
A sign, that forgets to say 'Please!'

"If you picked a flower, would you go to jail?

Well what do you think about that!

I b'lieve I'll pick a million or two,

And carry them home in my hat!

"No—no—I will not, you dear little fings!

You've never done nuffin' to me,

I'll leave you alone, in the place where you live,

But you won't grudge me, des two or free!

"There's only one fing, I don't like 'bout the place,

Their milk it all comes from a cow,

While we get ours, in a bottle at home,

That's much nicer. Isn't it now?"

Was Peggy's wish granted? It surely was.

When the Prince came one day to call,

He said, "Oh, where is that sick little girl,

For I cannot find her at all!"

And Peggy, she smiled right merrily then,

Her cheeks glowed a bright, rosy red,

"I'm here, but I'm cured, you've granted my wish,

Now isn't that just what you said?"

He nodded and smiled. The others saw

A bald-headed man, with kind eyes,

But Peggy saw in old 'Doctor Gee-Whizz,'

A wonderful Prince in Disguise!



A FAIRY NOCTURNE

"I'm here!" said the Fairy, "Now what
do you want to know?"

"Where have you come from, and where
are you going to go?

Can you walk across a spider's web, des like
a tight-rope man?

Can you come in froo' my window?

YOU CAN! OH, YOU CAN!"

A VERSATILE HERO

A SMALL boy lay a-sleeping in his cosy little bed,
The damp curls round his forehead, and his
hand beneath his head,
In childish, sweet abandon, I watched him lying there,
And I said, "May angels keep thee, Oh, small boy,
in their care!"

You'd never dream, he was the one, that but an hour
ago,
In each branch of the service, had battled with the foe,
A blustering young warrior, he'd march, he'd fight,
he'd shout,
I've seen him single-handed put the enemy to rout.

By dint of lightning changes, in his manner, form or
gait,
He'd play a hundred roles at once, and you wouldn't
have to wait,
He'd tilt his cap, he'd spring, he'd crouch, he'd drill,
he'd stand at ease,
In less time than I tell it, I'd seen him be all these,—

The army and navy rolled into one,
A submarine rampant, a huge sputtering gun,
A swaggering young major, whose bravery, I
wager,
Was equalled by nobody's under the sun.

A tank on the rampage, an aeroplane,
A smart, dressed-up airman, lordly and vain.
A warhorse, all nervous, too much active service,
A signaller, cyclist, an ambulance train.
At the first sound of firing, down, down with a
 flop,
Up, up again quickly, with never a stop,
With belt all unhook-ed, and cap all on crook-ed,
I've watched him march joyfully, over the top.

Sleep on, Oh, wee small boy!" said I, "You've fought
 most manfully,
You've led your army corps of ONE, on, on to
 Victory!
Your varied roles are all forgot, in dreams, both sweet
 and deep,
You're but a tired little boy, and you're lying sound
 asleep!"



MISUNDERSTOOD

WHEN I get married, and have a daughter,
She needn't do a thing, 'at she ought to,
She may lie in the grass, and read a book,
Or dabble her toes in the nice cool brook.

If she doesn't like music, she needn't play,
And practise her scales for an hour, each day,
I won't make her dust the rungs of a chair,
Just the place where you sit, is all I'd care.

Thro' enchanted gardens she may wander,
Along leafy lanes, I'll let her ponder,
To her wonderful dreams of fairyland,
I'll listen, not scold, for I'll understand.

Once I bit my tongue, and it bled, and bled,
And just 'cause of that, I was sent to bed,
For I put out my tongue to show the place,
And my cross Aunt said, 'at I made a face.

How hurt I felt, there'll nobody know,
I was far too proud, to tell them so,
When I die, they'll wish they had left the light,
And be sorry, that no one said Good-Night.

MY child shan't suffer a pain in her heart,
She'll say, "My mummy will take my part!
I love you better than any other,
My boo'flest, understandingest mother!"

A GREAT SPRING CLEANING

“**I** must start my spring house cleaning,
And start it right away!”
Said Mother Nature, with a frown,
As the sun shone bright one day.

“This floor, it is disgraceful,
Such dirt, I’ve never seen!
I’ll get my broom and dustpan,
And sweep it nice and clean.

“But every one must help me,
For there’s such a lot to do!”
“Of course I’ll help!” said Big-Blow,
“Why I can clean house too.

“I’ll lend my vacuum cleaner,
’Twill blow the dust away!”
“Allow me please to do my part!”
Said April Showers, that day.

“And count on me!” the Sunshine said,
“I, too, must do my share,
It worries me, to see the fields,
All muddy, brown and bare!”

So, no one grumbled in the least,
Each helper, most alert,
Said, “We’ll help you, Mother Nature,
Clean up the winter dirt!”

MY RAGGEDY DOLL

My dear little raggedy dolly,
I love you more'n tongue can tell,
Just cuddle right up to your mummy,
My own little Gwendolyn Nell!

Bob says 'at your ink eyes are all bleary,
And they're not drawed straight in your head,
But cuddle right up to your mummy,
Never mind what that naughty Bob said!

Belle goes to the Central Technical School,
She knows all about germs, and disease,
And dirt,—and what do you think she wants,
To burn up my doll, if you please!

My dad couldn't quite understand it,
Why I made such a fuss over you,
So he bought me a beautiful dolly,
Her eyes were the bluest of blue.

Her cheeks, they were quite a rich crimson,
Her lips were as red, as a rose,
Her dress was of silk, and her pettiskirt too,
And all of the rest of her clothes.

She's a wonderful doll, in the daytime,

But when mummy has tucked us up tight,
And we've both said our prayers, and the room is all
dark ,

That dolly won't cuddle up tight.

She knows 'at I'm scared in the darkness,

I b'lieve if a million black men,
And an effulunt too, came in and roared "BOO!"
She'd not cuddle up tight even then.

And if a big bear, in the blackness,

Came walking from under the bed,
No comfort she'd be with her starey, blue eyes,
And her beautiful cheeks, rosy red!

So when I feel scarey, and creepy,

Bob says, "Such nonsense, and folly!"

It your nose is not straight, and your mouth is a-wry,
You're my comforting, cuddley dolly !



A TOOTING CHOO-CHOO

"I 'VE called you once, I've called you twice,"
Said Auntie with a frown,
"Why don't you answer when I call?"
And the sparkling eyes of brown

Grew big and round, and a rosy flush
Carmined the childish cheek,
"I couldn't answer when you called,
Didn't you know, I couldn't speak,

"For I was an engine, a great big giant engine,
With a shiny iron front,
I was a tooting-tooting, Choo-choo,
And I'd just begun to shunt,

"I was the whistle, and the ding-dong,
And the wheel, with a scrunch and a swirl!
How could I stop being an engine,
And answer like a li'le girl!"



A BOLD BAD PIRATE

BANG, BANG! You're dead! BANG, BANG!
Take that
Stop laughing, and DIE can't you, Eh?
I've shot you in several places at once,
Stop laughing, and DIE, I say!

You are so dead! BANG, BANG, BANG, BANG!
You won't up and die, Aw, Why?
Weren't you the bold pirate yesterday?
Aw, go on, be a good scout, and DIE!

THAT FINAL "G"

"**I** AM havin' a good time!" that was the sentence he read,

But the teacher frowned at Archie, and gravely shook her head.

"That careless reading will not do. Try it once more!" and then,

"I am havin' a good time!" thus Archie read it again.

Impatiently, spoke the teacher, "You are forgetting your "G"!

"GEE! I am havin' a good time!" said Archie, triumphantly.



THE WASTED CRUST

LAST night, I didn't eat up my crust,
I poked it, in under my plate,
I thought that no one could find it there,
But when it grew dark and late,

And I was in bed, all covered up tight,
All covered, but just my head,
I saw that same old crust, I did,
Come walking up over my bed.

He'd two long legs, and great big eyes,
And he grinned! and he said to me,
"I'm the CRUST you poked in under your plate,
You couldn't hide me, you see!"

"You must never, never, never do that again!"

"All right, I won't!" I said,

"I'll eat you up to the very last crumb,

If you'll please get down off, of my bed!"

He jumped off the bed, and he disappeared.

I've searched for him early and late,

But he comes no more, for I never poke

My crusts, in under my plate!

SLEEPY-TIME

WE'LL dim the bright lights, my darling,
For you're tired, so tired to-night,
And here on the rug, before the fire,
We'll watch, as the flame-tongues bright
Gobble the small, wee specks of soot,
That cling to the back of the grate,
But just for five minutes, sweetheart,
For the hour is growing late.

There you are, right in the centre,
Look, and you'll see yourself,
You sparkle, and gleam, and dance, and blaze,
You restless, wee, flame-eyed elf.
But see, you are leaving the brightness,
Would you wander down leafy dale,
Where the grass grows green in the shadows,
Would you follow the rainbow trail,

Where a pot of gold lies hidden,
At the very foot of the bow?
The path may be long and thorny,
But you'll find that pot, I know.
Sh! your head is drooping, sweetheart,
Your dear little sleepy head,
Does the rainbow gold lie hidden,
In your own comfy, warm white bed?



*Pino was a fairy,
She lived among the trees,
She wore a gauzy dress of green,
That fluttered in the breeze.*

PINO AND BIG-BLOW

COME gather round me, children,
And listen to my rhyme,
And I'll begin my story,
“Once upon a time!”

Pino was a fairy,
She lived among the trees,
She wore a gauzy dress of green,
That fluttered in the breeze.

Her dress it had a border,
Made of needles from the pine,
Embroidered in with ribbon grass,
'Twas very grand and fine.

Her hair was soft and golden,
And 'twas a pretty sight,
To see her curls hold prisoner,
A sunbeam, sparkling, bright.

Her eyes, they twinkled like the stars,
Were blue, just like the sky,
I can't describe her beauty,
No matter how I try!

'Way up, in highest branches,
Graceful, darling, airy,
She danced, and swayed, and laughed all day,
This gay, light-hearted fairy.

But, sometimes from her swinging height,
Far, far away she'd see,
The wind, old Big-Blow coming,
With roar and laughter free.

And then she'd call to all the trees,
“Bow low your heads, don't wait,
Here comes old Big-Blow tearing!
Quick! or you'll be too late!”

Like a flash, each pine tree bowed its head,
Then Big-Blow, on his way,
A-roaring, and a-tearing, and
A-whistling, passed that day.

No harm he did to tender shoots,
Though blowing with his might,
Like a kind old watch-dog, Big-Blow's bark
Was much worse than his bite.

But one sad day, the tallest pine,
In scorn, to Pino said,
“When Big-Blow comes again, you'll see,
I will not bow my head!

“I'm tall and straight, my trunk and limbs
Are strong as strong can be,
I'll show old Big-Blow, when he comes,
I'm just as strong as he!”

Then Pino's merry face grew sad,
A tear stood in her eye,
"Oh, Tallest Tree, please bow, I beg,
When Big-Blow draweth nigh!"

Determined, was the tallest tree,
No heed he paid at all,
To Big-Blow, when he roaring came,
But stood up, straight and tall.

To see the tall pine stand erect
Was such a great surprise,
That Big-Blow held his breath, for he
Could scarce believe his eyes.

So then he gathered force, and blew,
With might, and power, and strength!
Then one fierce blow—and giant pine,
Uprooted—lay at length.

The other trees, who'd envied oft,
Their tallest comrade's height,
Now sighed and moaned in pity, when
They saw its awful plight.

The merriment has disappeared
From Pino's happy face,
And in her eye an unshed tear,
Has found a resting-place.

And every time she hears the wind,
Come rushing down the glen,
She says, "Oh trees! remember!
Bow low your heads!" and then

Each tree, no matter, tall or short,
They heed the fairy's cry,
Without delay, they bow their heads,
As Big-Blow whistles by.

A CORRECTION IN ENGLISH

“**S**PRING’s here! I seen a robin, Teacher!”
The children heard her cry,
‘I SAW a robin, dear!” said Teacher,
“Oh, did you? SO DID I!”



THE WISHING-WELL

IN a quaint and sweet, old-fashioned garden,
In trim and stately order grew the trees,
The sun-dial told the hours, and the prim "grand-
mother" flowers
Politely bowed and nodded in the breeze.

Order was the watchword of the garden,
Disorder—why, 'twould break the gardener's heart,
The flowers grew just so, in a straight and tidy row,
And full-blown roses feared to fall apart.

Now, out into this very tidy garden,
For just one hour, from four to five, each day,
A darling little girl, with many a sunny curl,
Dressed, just precisely so, came out to play.

She might not run and romp, like other children,
For fear she'd soil her clothes, all clean—or new,
But where the walks were shady, a perfect little lady,
Sat down, and dreamed of things she'd like to do.

Now there were things about this very tidy garden,
That no one, but this little girlie knew,
A WISHING-WELL was there, and roses red and
rare,
Around the walled-in border of it grew.

And often from the well, when she'd be dreaming,
Would come the fairies, dancing in the sun,
They'd skip, and bow so neatly, and smile at her quite
sweetly,
And laughingly, they'd beckon her to come.

Then down enchanted garden walks she'd wander,
With fairies, where the briar roses hid,
And while the trees were swishing, she'd be wishing,
wishing, wishing,
That her dreams might all come true. And they
did!

SEEN, HAVE, DONE, WENT

SEEN is a weak little fairy,
She cannot stand alone,
But HAVE, her friend is very strong,
With such a firm backbone.

“I SEEN!” don’t ever say it!
HAVE take SEEN by the hand,
“I HAVE SEEN!” that’s much better,
For alone SEEN must not stand.

Now DONE is another weakling,
HAVE come and help her too,
“I HAVE DONE!” that’s good English,
But “I DONE” will never do.

Next, along comes WENT, a giant,
No help he needs to stand,
“I HAVE WENT!” Oh, my goodness!
HAVE, please let go her hand!



THE DUSTY DUSTERS

WE love to dust with a feather duster,
Me and my li'l sister Augusta,
For we dust high, and we dust low,
Down on the floor, or on tiptoe.

And the tickley dust goes up our noses,
And 'Gusta and me we blows, and we blowses,
For the wiffley dust is everywhere,
Making woofley sunspecks in the air.

Behind the bookcase, is best of all,
Or else the pictures, on the wall,
And we hold our bref, at a cloud of dust,
Then we sneeze our heads off, for sneeze we must.

And Daddy says, "Ker-Choo! Ker-Choo!!
What are you doing you scoundrels two?
Just march right out, and bring in Mary,
A feather duster's not sanitary!"

HER NAME

My really name is Elizabeth
Muriel Dorothy Kay,
Too much of a name for a li'le girl,
So they always call me, Gay.

My brother's name is Francis James,
And for short, they call him, Frank;
My grampa's name is Henry John,
But his bruvver calls him, Hank.

My li'le friend, her name is Nell,
And we don't des quite know whezzer
Nell is the whole of her name, or if
It's short for Nell-uchadnezzar.



SILVERY MOONBEAMS

SILVERY MOONBEAMS

“COME in, Lady Moon,
Come in!” I said,
“And lay your sparkling, glistening cloak
Right here,
Upon my bed!

“Your shimmering cloak, so silvery white,
With sparkling rays of moonbeams bright,
Your wonderful cloak enchanted and light,
Come in Lady Moon,
You are bid!”

She threw down her cloak, as if she had heard,
Her light filmy cloak with never a word,

SHE DID,
YES, SHE DID!



*But Baby didn't cry, the rascal!
She turned and waved her hand.*

BABY'S LESSON

DON'T run away again!" said Mamma,
To naughty Kitty May,
"For Mamma thought her baby daughter
Was surely lost to-day!

"You must not go outside the garden,
For in this busy town,
The cars and motors and the horses
Might knock a small girl down!"

"All wight, I won't!" said wee girl baby,
And she hugged her Mother tight,
But in less time than it takes to tell it,
That child was out of sight.

"Whatever shall I do to teach her
She must not disobey,
She'll break my heart, the little tinker,
My naughty Kitty May!"

Just then a red and bobbing tassel
Adorning Baby's cap,
Appeared in sight, she ran to Mother,
And snuggled in her lap.

That night when Father came from business,
A tale of woe he heard,
"You're weak!" he laughed, "make her obey you,
Obey your slightest word.

“Now I shall say to-morrow morning,
‘If you run away to-day,
We’ll give you to the old Italian,
He’ll take you right away! ’ ”

Next morning Father told the baby,
Quite sternly, what he’d do,
“You run away to-day, you rascal,
And you’ll be crying, too,

“As well as Mamma. Listen to me,
You’ll be crying, do you hear?”
“Oh, no I s’an’t!” and then she chuckled,
“I love Tony, Daddy dear !”

That morning Mamma had a woman,
To help her clean the house,
And Baby played around so nicely,
As quiet as a mouse.

“I do believe,” said Mamma smiling,
“Her Daddy’s worked a cure,
She hasn’t run away this morning,
I’m feeling more secure !

“I wonder if she’d like a cookie !”
But think of Mother’s plight,
On going out to visit Baby,
To find, she’d vanished quite.

Then Mother wrung her hands in anguish,
And rushed now here, now there!
Until she saw that old red tassel,
A-bobbing in the air.

Now good old Tony, at this moment,
The vegetable man,
Came knocking loudly, at the back door,
Like a flash, came Father's plan,

She cried, "Oh, Tony, take my baby,
She's a naughty little girl,
She runs away and leaves her Mother,
And keeps me in a whirl!"

Then Tony winked and said, "Yes, Missus,
You give-a her to me,
We'd like-a have anudder baby,
For now we've only tree!"

She laughed out loud, when Tony placed her,
Up on the waggon seat,
And chatted gaily, as they rattled,
Noisily, down the street.

As Mother watched that old red tassel,
Though she knew 'twas only play,
Great big, round tears, they gathered quickly,
In her dear eyes that day.

But Baby didn't cry, the rascal!

She turned and waved her hand.

And then—the waggon turned a corner!

Here was a new strange land,

Where every house was unfamiliar,

Then her troubles quick began,

No Mother was in sight, just Tony,

The vegetable man.

And though they were such friends and cronies,

Her heart began to swell,

Then big tears dimmed the baby vision,

And down her red cheeks fell.

The while a wild cry woke the echoes,

"Oh, Tony, please turn round!"

The old nag stopped, in great amazement,

As he heard the doleful sound.

Then Mother's quick ear heard the crying,

Love heard the baby call,

Soon clasped in Mother's arms was baby,

Red tassel, cap and all.

IN TUNE WITH THE UNIVERSE

“CHEER-UP! CHEER UP!” says the robin,
“BUZ-Z-Z-z-z!” says the bee,
“PRIS-PRIS-PRIS—PRISBYTERIAN!”
Sings the song-sparrow up in the tree.

“BOW-WOW-WOW!” barks Raffles,
And a bird, like a cat, calls, “MEOUW!”
“KER-PLUNK! KER-PLUNK!” croaks froggie,
And, “MOO!” said the Jersey cow.

“THAT’S RIGHT! THAT’S RIGHT!” I answer,
“I’m glad that you all agree,
I’m glad that every body
Thinks just the same as me!”

THE CHILDREN—A PRAYER

Heavenly Father, in Thy keeping,
Guard the children, who are sleeping,
Hear me, when I call!

Tired and weary with their playing,
Shadows of the day are graying,
Heavenly Father, I am praying
Guard, and keep them all!

We may talk of vast resources,
Point with pride to all the sources
Of our nation's wealth.

But we have no greater treasure
Than the children. In Thy pleasure
Grant to them the fullest measure
Of happiness and health.

Give to grown-ups understanding
Of the children, notwithstanding
All their childish pranks,
With great sympathy, provide us,
As we train them, walk beside us,
In Thy wisdom, Father, guide us,
Then accept our thanks!

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